RAT PORTAGE MINER

AND RAINY LAKE JOURNAL

VOL. X, NO. 8 — RAT PORTAGE, ONT., OCT. 5, 1900. — PRICE 5 CENTS

MINING MATTERS.

Items of Interest From all Over the District.

The work of installing the machinery at the Sainey Gamp mine in the Manitou is progressing favorably. It is expected the hoist and pump will be working in a couple of weeks.

Owing to the rush of work at the Rat Portage metallurgicall works the twenty-seven samples brought in from the Little Bobs have not been but through in time to get the results for this issue. This we regret as many of our readers are anxious to know the results. That it will be better than the last there is no question as the pannings have been much than ever before.

An extension of the option upon the Paul Gasse property on the Mosher Bay has been asked for by the purchasers and granted by Mr. Gasse, as they had not sufficient time to bring in their engineers and examine the location. It is one which will stand examination, having been most favorably reported on for other parties, earlier in the history of the Manitou gold region.—Wabigoon Star.

John Chalmers, C. E., who has been in charge of the survey at Port Arthur end of the Canadian Northern Ry., was in town Saturday last on his way to Fort Frances, where he will take charge of a section of the work there. This will occupy him till January. Mrs. Chalmer has gone on an extended visit to her old home in Toronto Junction.

Mr. Meiville, of the Combine, was in town this week.

F. Brant, of the Mikado, is in town.

G. W. Motley, M.E., of New York, arrived in town this week in connection with mining matters. Mr. Motley's many friends here were pleased to renew acquaintances, and hope that he may again become intimately connected with the mining industry here. It is several years since he was here before, and he has noted great changes in the appearance of the town. He was for some time manager of the Regina mine, and was in charge when it was first opened up and the mill built.

REGARDING PARLAN SEMPLE.

A Case of Trouble Which Will be Interesting to Rat Portagers

Oakland, Wash., Sept. 27. W. J. Hayward, [illegible] Fire Ins. Co. of London, Eng., son of S. M. [illegible] Semple, who [illegible] show between $30,000 and $40,000 per ton in gold. Some pieces of ore are at least half solid gold. The discovery was made at the distant end of a 2,000 foot tunnel.

This is the richest strike made in Montana in 10 years, and creates great excitement in mining circles.

DIVINING ROD IN MINING.

It Is Still Used in Some Parts of British Columbia.

In British Columbia the metal rod still has its devotees. There is a company operating in the Okanogan, not a hundred miles from Vernon, which last year pinned its faith to the opinions of a woman with a divining rod. The mine is not yet numbered among the dividend payers.

Not very far from Kaslo the rod has also been brought into use, this time by a United States company. This concern has gone even further they say. Report has it that the wife of one of the chief men connected with the company dreamed three nights running that rich ore was to be found so many hundred feet down. That point is now the objective point of the company.

THE HOMESTAKE ANNUAL.

Millions in Gold and Silver Mined During the Past Year.

The annual report of the Homestake Mining Co., published by the Deadwood, S.D., Times, shows the total bullion from the mill was 227,695 ozs, having a total value of $3,283,726 ($4.02 per ton milled), of which $3,555,388 was in gold, and $26,338 silver. The total bullion account was made up as follows:

Mill bullion as above, $3,583,726; concentrates, net proceeds, $75,056; siliceous ores, net proceeds, $10,312; exchange, $171; total, $3,669,268. From this must be deducted mint charges amounting to $10,199, leaving the net bullion account $3,658,729. The total receipts here shown was $4.31 per ton milled; the total charges $3.58, of which $2.05 was for mining, [illegible] for milling, and 53 for other expenses. The income account was $3,814,531 and expenses $3,011,617.

Additional figures at Belaire [illegible] profit for the year, [illegible] up [illegible] them previous year, [illegible] 36 to [illegible] plus $1,[illegible] [illegible] Leaves balance [illegible]

subjects. Since his return he is devoting more time to ethical and doctrinal subjects. That shows the effect of Mr. Sheldon's wonderful personality. Mr. Wm. Shaw, the treasurer of the United Society, Boston, will also be present and delight the Endeavorers with his charming addresses. We are looking forward to a splendid meeting in Guelph. Let everyone who can come and enjoy the feast provided freely for all. Guelph bids everyone welcome and looks for a monster gathering.—Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt.

Black Hawk Gold Mining Co.

The Black Hawk Gold Mining Co's property situated about four miles east of town is being thoroughly prospected and the several veins exposed. The work is being conducted under the management of Mr. Watson. This is the property which was recently purchased by the company from Mr. Jake Hennessey. It is turning out satisfactorily, which is pleasing to the new owners. They are at present sinking a shaft and making arrangements for winter camps, etc., so that work may continue steadily during the coming winter.

PINEWOOD NEWS.

Messrs. Joe Morash, and J. Gagnon came down from the Rainy Lake region yesterday. They are staying at Hough's corners.

Alphouse Derry and Tom Laverdiere arrived home on Sunday morning. They had one rooster between them.

A dance was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ward on Tuesday evening. Forty-three guests were present, who enjoyed themselves to the Queen's taste.

Judge Hollands, of Fort Francis, was here last week, in his official capacity. Clubs was trump; but, strange to say, the winning hand lost the pot.

O'Neil's government road outfit has moved from Boucherville to Buntin creek. It is fixing the old government road, which was cut out in 1880. If the government keeps on building one mile in six years, as it has been doing, we shall have a road here in about 400 years more.

The continued spell of wet weather has wrought havoc among the farmers. [illegible] number of stocks are [illegible] some of them affoat. [illegible] getting sour and rotting [illegible]

superintendent; F.B. Bray, secretary; F.S. Meighen, treasurer; W. W. Hutchison, assistant secretary.

A Mason Over Fifty Years.

Mr. Edwin Emmons, of this town, has quite a record as a Mason. He was a member of the first lodge of Masons ever organized on Lake Superior, joining about 50 years ago at Ontonagon, Michigan, and was also a charter member and one of the organizers, possibly the only one alive, of the first lodge A.F. & A.M., on the Canadian side of Lake Superior, The Shuniah, A.F. & A.M., at Port Arthur, Ont., of which lodge he is still a member. His son-in-law, J. D. Baine, of of Boissevain, Manitoba, is also one of the leading Masons of the Canadian northwest, having been for two years Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba. Mr. Emmons is the oldest member of the Masonic fraternity in the west, and has the kindliest memories of past days. We trust he may see the diamond jubilee of his connection with the order.

A DUCK SUPPER

Tendered to Jas. Baker Prior to His Leaving for Fort Frances.

On Tuesday evening last at the Russell House there gathered together a large number of the friends of James Baker, who wished to express to him in tangible manner their esteem and regard previous to his departure for Fort Frances, where he goes as manager of the Hudson's Bay stores there.

A very dainty duck supper prepared in Host Gaudaur's inimitable style was first thoroughly enjoyed. One of the young gentlemen present, who is a strong favorite with the fair sex, remarked that it was just a duck of a supper. After full justice had been done, Chairman Seegmiller, in a few well chosen remarks opened the oratorical part of the programme, and asked all to drink to the toast, "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." After this Mr. Seegmiller presented to the guest, Mr. Baker, a very handsome watch-chain and locket, accompanying which was an engrossed address setting forth the deep regret felt at Mr. Baker's departure and complimenting him upon his promotion. Mr. Baker very feelingly and graciously replied. The chairman now announced the toast "Our American Cousins," to which G. C. Fristle ably

A Case of Trouble Which Will be Interesting to Rat Portagers.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 21.—W. J. Hay, a director of the First National bank of this city and a son of S. M. Hay, president of that institution, was fined $1 and costs, amounting to $8.75, for assault and battery, by Judge Goss in Municipal court today.

The complainant was Parlan Semple, a retired lumberman and miner. Semple claims that he lost a fortune in mining operations at Rat Portage through the deputy of a mining engineer that the officials of the First National bank recommended to him. He has haunted the bank in an alleged effort to obtain a "settlement," and has had a number of pamphlets printed abusing the officials of the bank. He took up his position on the bank steps and peddled these pamphlets to passers-by.

A week ago, while attempting to force his presence upon the elder Mr. Hay, he was forcibly ejected by the younger. A civil suit for damages will follow. The trial lasted two days.

[The above dispatch appeared in an American exchange, and will prove of interest to many here who remember Mr. Semple. In 1895 Parlan Semple purchased the Rat Portage reduction works from the original owners, and afterwards for a company called the Rat Portage Mining, Development and Reduction Co., with a capital of $3,000,000, purchased also the Black Jack, Sultana Jr., and other mining properties. It seems that Mr. Semple not content with the large number of shares which he held as a promoter was so taken with the enterprise that he purchased largely from other parties and then lost heavily when the affairs of the company were settled.]

RICHES IN AN OLD MINE.

Legend of a Buried Treasure in Montana Discovered Portland

[illegible]

[illegible] arrived here with news of the [illegible] strike in the history of the mine. Assays on the strike made [illegible] The income account was $3,815,731, and expenses $3,011,647.

Additional figures are: Balance, profit for the year, $803,084; surplus from previous year, $373,656; total surplus, $1,193,756; dividends paid, $81,175.00; balance, $818,740.

Government Baking Powder Tests.

The Royal Baking Powder is an old candidate for favor with the housekeepers of the Dominion. Its patrons will be pleased to know that the recent government report giving the analyses of baking powders sold in the Dominion show the Royal to be the purest of cream of tartar powders, the most healthful in character, and of greatest leavening strength.

It is shown that the art in baking powder making is to give a pure and healthful powder, of highest leavening power, which will keep indefinitely without losing its strength. These two qualifications—effective keeping and highest strength—it is impossible to combine in a powder except with the use of chemically pure ingredients. The report states that the only entirely cream of tartar powders which came up to this standard, were the Royal and Cleveland's.

Provincial C. E. Budget.

Galt, 2, 3, 4.—The gathering of the Christian Endeavor forces in Guelph in October 2, 3, and 4, so near now, is full of interest to all Endeavorers in our province. They will come from the east and the west, the north and the south to enjoy the rich treat provided for them by the provincial executive. Every society will send at the very least one delegate to carry back the inspiration and impart the uplift experienced at the meetings. Strong representative candidates will be there, men who are in touch and living sympathy with C. E. work in all its experiments. The programme is an excellent one, a drawing card. The girls without [illegible] ying when we say [illegible] Mr. S. Stokes, the popular [illegible]

[illegible] the up the bond [illegible] and let one to [illegible] independently [illegible]

[illegible] ly, one of the best papers in La Grand. In this weeks number of the same paper we are informed that the time spent in Mr. Sheldon's society has not been without effect on Mr. Meyer's [illegible]

we shall have a road here in about 100 years more.

The continued spell of wet weather has wrought havoc among the farmers here. A large number of stooks are in the fields yet, some of them about. Potatoes are getting sour and rotting in the fields. No threshing has been done yet, and winter is advancing with steady and decided strides.

Phil Frume met with a bad accident here yesterday. He hitched up his team to a plow and started for the field. On the way out he had to cross a wet spot, and in order to keep his feet dry mounted one of the horses. Both horses got frightened and ran away, precipatating him between them. He received a ghastly wound on the side of his head.

Charley Bell, of Bummyville, says, the high water is making him "river-hog-like" again. He keeps a log in the pond beside his domicile and gives it three or four turns every morning before breakfast. If it rolls him in, which it invariably does, that satisfies him for the balance of the day.

A GRATIFYING YEAR.

Lake of the Woods Co's Annual Meeting—Grants to Hospitals.

Montreal Oct. 3—To-day the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Lake of the Woods Milling company was held at the board of trade building, Montreal. The statement of affairs of the company for the twelve months ending Aug. 31, 1900, were submitted. A divdend of 10 per cent, on the paid up capital stock of the company was declared and a sum of $2,500 granted to the Winnipeg general hospital and $500 to St. Boniface hospital.

The following directors were elected: Messrs. Robert Meighen, W. A. Hastings, R.B. Angus, R.G. Rid, John Turnbull, Montreal; John Mather, Ottawa; G. V. Hastings, Winnipeg. At a subsequent meeting the following [illegible]

panying which was an engrossed address setting forth the deep regret all felt at Mr. Baker's departure and complimenting him upon his promotion. Mr. Baker very feelingly and graciously replied. The chairman now announced the toast "Our American Cousins" to which G. C. Fields ably responded. Messrs. Nicholson, Kyle and Sharpe spoke as only "Old Timers" can of one whom they have seen grow up with a place and become a true loyal citizen of that place.

Many speeches were also made in response to the different toasts by Messrs. Mackenzie, Ludlaw, Charlesworth, Cuthbert, Struthers, Schnarr, Johnson, Wright, Rose, Smith, McLennan and others.

Perhaps Town Solicitor McLennan's remarks are worthy of special mention. Suffice it to say that "Mac" has never been heard to better advantage than when he responded to the toast "The Ladies."

Mr. Baker will be greatly missed here in social and commercial circles and Fort Francis is to congratulated in having such a gentleman as Mr. Baker come to their town. Our town can ill afford to lose its enterprising young men and should at all times endeavor to keep them here. Mr. Baker left Wednesday evening by S.S. Keenora.

The Sixth Annual meeting of the Humane Society will be held in the town hall on Tuesday, [illegible] at [illegible] o'clock. All members are [illegible]

PLEASANT PRISONS.

THE SPECIAL ONES IN THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

They Are Intended Particularly For Members and Other Persons Who Violate Parliament's Own Dignity, Rules and Customs.

Few persons are aware that England's parliament has its own special prisons within its own precincts which are intended particularly for its own members and persons who violate its own dignity, rules and customs. Of course these prisons seldom are used now, but they have been in the past and not so very long ago, and may be again. The house of commons has one set and the house of lords another.

The commons prison is a little way up in the Clock Tower. Here are two sets of prisons, intended only for the accommodation of one prisoner each, one set being a little higher up in the tower than the other. Each set consists of a sitting room and two bedrooms, the former being a nice, comfortable room about three by five yards, with a neat carpet and chairs good enough for anybody. The extra bedroom is not intended for the prisoner or for any friends whom he might desire to put up for the night, but is the sleeping apartment of the official who looks after him during his incarceration. This man is usually the supervisor of badge messengers, and, besides looking after his man, he is also his servant for the time being, and waits upon him just like any other. He never need worry himself much upon the question of the possibilities of the prisoner's escape, for the sergeant at arms is responsible, and inasmuch as the only way of getting to and from the prison is by way of this sergeant's house and through it, the risk of such a thing ever happening is practically prohibitive.

While he is there the prisoner always has a good time. No restrictions as to hours are placed upon him, and he may rouse himself from his slumbers just when he feels most inclined and return to them in the same way. Practically the only thing he cannot do is to walk about outside just as he pleases, but he is permitted to take an hour and a half's exercise each morning and an hour in the afternoon on the terrace of the house, and the terrace, broad and long and with its splendid outlook upon the river, is by no means a bad place to take exercise. If he were left entirely unguarded, the prisoner might dive into the river and swim away, or, what would be simpler, hail a passing boat. So, just for precaution's sake, a couple of officers accompany him while he takes these breaths of fresh air.

He goes on Sunday to the church in St. Vincent square, and on these occasions also he has a couple of distinguished looking attendants.

Moreover, there is no question of so many ounces of bread and meat, but if he has the money to pay for it he may feed himself upon the choicest viands that the most cultivated palate could suggest. The house of commons has a first class restaurant, where the hungry M. P. may dine as well as he could anywhere else, for the house is very sensitive upon such matters, and the speaker issued a summons for their appearance. One of them, Mr Ward, gave himself up without delay, and he got seven days in the Clock Tower prison. The other offender, after a little delay, was captured and was for a brief period housed at Newgate.

The first M. P. imprisoned in the present house of commons was W. Smith O'Brien. One day in 1846 he committed contempt of the house by declining to sit upon a certain committee. Consequently he was sent to prison during the few weeks that the committee deliberated. This time, however, he was not sent to the Clock Tower prison, which was not finished, but did his durance in the cellar of the house.

A Scotch Custom.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter, an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing; that of today is bearable; but that of tomorrow is gigantic, because indistinct.

THE HEDGE.

Fair neighbor of the [illegible] foot,
With glaire de [illegible] scared gable,
[illegible] star sweet, on [illegible] plot
You trippest [illegible] a [illegible] of fable.

[illegible] thy [illegible] so soft thy tone,
Thy love so [illegible] a life to lead in,
[illegible] fain the [illegible] overthrown
And our [illegible] made one Eden!

[illegible] "No!" cries Wisdom. "Spare the feno
The thorn, the ivy blackbirds nest in;
Leave something for the [illegible] none,
Some dream of joy to hope and rest in,

Some glad surprise, some mystery
Of inconceivably sweet meaning!"
Wisdom is wise. My friend and I
Scarce press the topmost twigs by leaning.
—G. D. C. in Good Words.

NIGHTMARE.

The Sensation That Always Makes a Man a Coward.

"Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark, downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self respect, dread of ridicule and even the instinct of self defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall.

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the [illegible]

Depth of Cyclones.

From the study of clouds Professor F. H. Bigelow of the United States weather bureau concludes that the ordinary cyclones which traverse our country from west to east are not more than two or three miles in depth, although their diameter is many hundreds of miles. In other words, their motion does not affect the upper regions of the atmosphere. In the case of hurricanes Professor Bigelow finds that the depth is greater, amounting to as much as five or six miles. But higher currents blow directly across the cyclonic and anticyclonic areas which produce storms and fair weather at the surface of the earth. Some of Professor Bigelow's conclusions upset former ideas concerning the circulation of the atmosphere.

PUBLIC NOTICE

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Library open Wednesday and Saturday 7:30 to 9:30 p. m., also Monday 5 to 6 p.m.

M. F. A. THIBAUDEAU,
Sec. and Librarian.

HOMESTAKE POINT.

We Called it Low Grade

BUT HOW'S THIS ?

THOS. F. BIRBECK, the contractor who is sinking our shaft, has just visited St. Paul. He brought down some ore from great property which we have had assayed, giving the following results :—

LABORATORY OF
CHARLES W. DREW, Ph. B., M. D.

Analytical and Consulting Chemist and Assayer. Prof. of Chemistry and Toxicology, Medical Department, of Hamline University. Director of Minnesota Institute of Pharmacy. Formerly Chemist to State of Minnesota. Chemist to city of Minneapolis, Etc.

Office and Laboratory: Rooms 504-5-6, Century Building, First Avenue South and Fourth St.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 6, 1900.

I Hereby Certify that the Samples of Ores, herein described, assayed for The Homestake Gold Mining Company of Ontario, Limited, gave the following results:

No.	Gold ounces per ton	Value at $20.66 per oz.	Silver ounces per ton.	Value at .61 per oz.	Total value per ton of Gold and Silver.
1	.4	$ 8.26	1.0	0.60	$ 8.86
2	.6	12.40	None		12.40
3	.4	8.26	[illegible]	4.80	13.06

CARL E. VAN CLEVE, Assayer.

It is absolutely impossible to [illegible] the great value of this property. There is no doubt [illegible] that we have some very rich ore, in fact, very much richer than we ever anticipated.

People doubted our statement [illegible] our depth and really it is no wonder. [illegible] 100 to 500 feet wide nearly a mile long, that [illegible] above indications of free-milling gold.

We have a few thousand shares of the [illegible] per cent issue left, which we are selling upon the following [illegible] Five cents per share cash with [illegible] and two cents [illegible] month until paid. Ten per cent of the cash is sent with the order.

Moreover, there is no question of so many ounces of bread and meat, but if he has the money to pay for it he may feed himself upon the choicest viands that the most cultured palate could suggest. The house of commons has a first class restaurant, where the hungry M. P. may dine as well as he could anywhere in London. Each day the dishes which the kitchen has prepared are indicated on a menu which is brought up to the prisoner, and he ticks off anything for which he feels a fancy, and it is brought to him. The only drawback from his point of view is that the bill is presented to him just as it would be anywhere else, and in the event of his refusing to pay up he would eventually be served with a court summons.

Among the occupants of the Clock Tower have been the late Charles Bradlaugh, who found himself consigned thither on account of a little difference with Mr. Speaker on the subject of the parliamentary oath. When Northampton returned Mr. Bradlaugh to parliament, he was not allowed to take the oath nor the substituted process known as affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, secured a New Testament and took a self administered oath, after which he proceeded to the next step of signing the roll. He refused to withdraw when the speaker requested him to do so, and consequently the sergeant-at-arms took charge of him, and to the Clock Tower prison he went.

When the erection of the Tower bridge was being considered, a statement was made that the Tower bridge bill committee was subject to bribery and corruption—a serious charge. Two men responsible for it were pronounced to have committed a breach of privi-

Nervous and Debilitated.

Almost a Victim of Nervous Prostration —Was Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

D. W. Crossberry, 133 Richmond [illegible] West, Toronto, [illegible] was a victim of nervous prostration [illegible] completely [illegible] Dr. Chase's Nerve Food [illegible]

[illegible] family and it has never yet failed."

PUBLIC NOTICE

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS

PUBLIC notice is hereby given of the Sittings of the Court of Revision of the Municipality of the Town of Rat Portage, at the Town Hall, on Monday the 8th day of October, 1900, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the hearing of appeals pursuant to the Statute in that behalf respecting the building and constructing of certain sewers in the Town of Rat Portage, in the District of Rainy River, under the Local Improvement system, in the following portions of the said Town, viz.:

On Main Street North from Fifth Street South to the Lake Shore. On Main Street South from Lot No. 15 in Block 2 South to the Lake Shore. On Main Street North and Lane between Fifth and Sixth Streets easterly to Lot No. 148 Block 3. On Fourth Street between Matheson and Mining Streets. On Third Street from Lot No. 1 Block 3 to Lot No. 70 Block 3. On Second Street from Lot No. 154 east to Lot No. 133 and on Martha Street from Second to East Fort Street. On Lillie Street from Lot No. 69 Block 2 South of the Lake Shore. On Chipman Street, North from Second Street to Centre Fort Street. Drain at Norman from Lot No. 1, Parson's Survey, East to C. P. Ry. Track at Lot No. 93, Bulmer Survey. And the special assessment of the cost of each of the said local improvements upon the lands immediately benefitted, pursuant to the report of the town engineer dated the 22nd day of September, 1900, showing the total cost of the respective sewers as follows:

Main Street North	$ 2,279 81
Main Street South	995 92
Main Street North and Lane 5th, and 6th Streets	563 35
Fourth Street	234 07
Third Street	256 30
Second and Martha Streets	683 33
Lillie Street	954 75
Chipman Street	315 00
Drain at Norman	1,286 00
Assessable [illegible]	$7,568 52
[illegible]	2,993 15
[illegible]	$4,102 41

[illegible] Rat Portage this 27th day of September, 1900.

D. H. CURRIE, Clerk

7 2t

How is Your Reading Sight?

Is there a strain on your eyes? Do they ache? Does the type seem to run together after reading a while?

Werner

THE OPTICIAN

Can adjust glasses which will give you perfect vision, either for reading or distance.

WERNER'S

DRUG STORE

MAIN ST., RAT PORTAGE

WANTED RELIABLE MEN

In every locality throughout Canada to introduce our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places, also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $60 per month and expenses not to exceed $2.50 per day. Steady employment to good, honest, reliable men. No experience needful. Write for full particulars.

THE EMPIRE MEDICINE CO., London, Ont.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

[illegible]

Patent Law [illegible]

Society of [illegible]

OFFICES: NEW YORK LIFE BLDG. MONTREAL CAN. [illegible] WASHINGTON, D.C.

wide, nearly a mile long, that carries such values above indicated per ton in free-milling gold.

We have a few thousand shares of the fifteen-cent issue left, which we are selling upon the following terms: Three cents per share, cash with order, and two cents per share per month until paid. Ten per cent. off if all cash is sent with the order.

Call at our office for full particulars or address

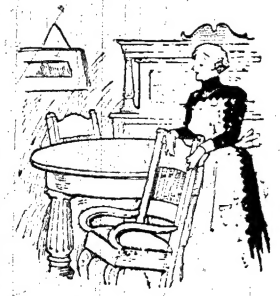
Homestake Gold Mining Co'y.

OF ONTARIO, LIMITED.

C. D. PRUDEN, President. F. J. BOWMAN, Secretary.

410-411 Manhattan Building, St. Paul, Minn.

The New Home



Its' a pleasure to go through a new home and find it nicely fitted out with our FURNITURE. Young people of good taste, whether of small or large means, find there's no place like Horn & Taylor's for Furniture.

HORN & TAYLOR

SECOND ST, RAT PORTAGE.

Telephone 33, Night Calls 88 A

THE Hilliard House

THE HILLIARD HOUSE, as [illegible] still be kept [illegible] of West [illegible] Rat Portage [illegible]

EVERY THING IS FIRST CLASS.

[illegible] stopping at this [illegible]

LOUIS HILLIARD, Proprietor.

Main Street, - Rat Portage

Habit In a Horse's Work.

"When I retired from the contracting business a short time ago," said a well known man, "I had a number of horses that I was anxious to dispose of. Among them was one named Jerry, which for several years had been used to working on a drum. In such work a horse becomes accustomed to lifting his feet high to avoid striking the hoisting ropes. When the horses were put under the hammer, Jerry went to a Harlem grocer.

"About a week later the purchaser of Jerry called at my house and told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse. He said that Jerry would go a short distance, when he would stop short and lift his feet high, and after doing this would go a little farther only to repeat it again. I told him I could not tell why the horse stopped short and lifted his feet and also advised him to look up some contractor and sell the animal to him for hoisting purposes. He did so, notifying me that he had found a larger price than I had paid for the horse."

How To Get It.

[illegible]

WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG.

While the heart beats young, oh, the splendor of the spring,
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing;
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of today.
While youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close caressed,
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and breast;
Our bare feet in the meadows and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats young!

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance,
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight,
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly, for, in fancy, wing to wing
We fly to heaven with them, and, returning, still we sing
The praise of this lower heaven with tireless voice and tongue,
Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young! While the heart beats young!
Oh, green and gold old earth of ours, with azure overhung
And looped with rainbows, grant us yet this grassy lap of thine;
We would be all thy children through the shower and the shine!
So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love and trust,
With our lip-searching hands and faces lifted from the dust.
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,
Thou givest us an answer, while the heart beats young.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE PASSING OF THE LAIRD

A Story of the South African War.

It was that field of dread memory—Magersfontein. From dawn—when the belching hill front of fire had mowed in swathes the ranks of the Black Watch—till dusk—when the last gun had sent its whistling shrapnel—the air had seemed to live and screech and scream and to maim, blast and wither the men of the Highland brigade...

The dark African night had flung its blackness over Magersfontein, and in the scanty scrub and hollows remained those who could not well retire when the bugles, with reluctant notes, sounded the retreat.

Piper Duncan Farquharson sat up and groaned. His last experience of life had been rather mixed. He remembered being behind a wire fence, and after he had scampered over the wire a few dozen yards something happened. What this was Duncan was uncertain, but as he felt his head he knew he had been hit.

The blood had caked hard on his neck and collar, and as he moved it began anew to trickle down his face. He took out his handkerchief and bandaged his wounds as well as he could.

His pipes were safe. He could feel them lying over his knees. He grasp them.

He was tormented with an awful thirst. His water bottle was still in-

"Steady, Duncan! I've enough. 'Twa going. Keep it for yourself."

"Na, na, laird; tak' some mair o't. I'll tak' some myse'l, though."

He drank the mixture, and, as the spirit brought back life into his trembling frame, he said:

"Man, laird, I houp that officer chiel was a good levin man. He deserves to gang to a place there's nae sich a drought as there's here."

"You were always plucky, Duncan," said the lieutenant. "But I'm going." His voice was now at a whisper.

"Na, na; ye'll tak' anither drapple!" said the piper, and again he poured a few drops between the laird's lips.

"Duncan, could you play a march before I go?"

"I'll try, but ma held awfu' queer. Hiv ye my pipes?"

"Yes; I kept them in my left hand."

Piper Farquharson tuned his pipes.

"Now, the 'Haughs o' Cromdale,' Duncan. I'm going," whispered the laird.

"Na, na; yer nae gaun, laird! I'll play ye a reel." And over the desolation floated the springing crispness of the "Perth Hunt."

From the darkness the sentries on the heights and in the trenches fired off their rifles, and their sleepy comrades stood to their arms. These verdomed petticoat rooineks were to make a night attack. Suddenly the music stopped.

"Dae ye mind that? It was danced at yer coming o' age."

"Yes, I remember, Duncan. But play the march and sit down here beside me. I'm cold. It will soon be snow, Duncan."

Duncan, whose head was throbbing with the effort in playing the reel, crawled down beside his laird.

"Aye; I think it will be snow afore mornin," he said.

Then Piper Farquharson played marches and strathspeys, and in the cold and darkness death came to many of his audience. But as they fell asleep and their thirst was sated and their pain eased, their lullaby was, to them, the sweetest they had heard since childhood.

Duncan could play no more. It was indeed only fitfully he had played at all.

And the laird was passing.

"Goodby, old man, and thanks!" sighed the laird. "If you go home, tell them I sent my love. I wrote to them all yesterday. Good"—

There was a slight tinkle, the laird fell sideways. He had gone with his comrades.

The dawn would come soon. Already the summits of the eastern hills were beginning to appear through the grayness. Day was coming, and the night and those who had gone under its blackness were now to be numbered with that which had been.

Duncan, however, was only concerned about one thing.

The laird was gone. He had asked him for a march. He should have one. Duncan rose, propped himself against the bowlder and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the veldt the low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore at-

CUT RATES

By MADGE SUTHERLAND CLARKE.

Jack Corlears turned slowly away from the door of the cut rate ticket office in Savannah. He had staked all he had on a venture and lost, and now he wanted to get back to New York. There at least was life, and if he was to starve he preferred to do it where he might gain some amusement during the process. Besides, in New York the unexpected was always likely to happen, and chance and change were the only gods on his altar. The day before he had pawned his watch, his leather valise and his superfluous clothing. This morning, after paying his hotel bill, he had just $8 left in his pocket. The regular fare to New York by boat was $20, by rail $32. The scalper's office could do little better for him.

He stared for a moment at the big blue letters on the window of the office, then turned on his heel. As he did so a thickset men with a red face and a light overcoat came out of the ticket office. He clapped Corlears familiarly on the back.

"See here," he said, "I heard you asking about cut rates to New York. If you've got nerve enough to take the chances on this, I'll sell it for $3 and what cigars you've got about you." He held up a long, somewhat soiled railway ticket, much stamped and counter stamped in blue and red ink. "I bought it of a fellow in New York last week for $10. He said it was a square return ticket from Savannah that he hadn't used because he went to Texas first. I've struck an easy thing here, so I'm going to stay and don't want it."

Corlears looked attentively at the ticket. It was a rather dubious looking affair, but the lowest slip was marked Savannah and the uppermost one New York. It was a chance, and he seized it.

"All right," he said.

"If you've got gall enough, you'll work it. I guess you'll have to bluff some, but you're a swell looking chap, and that'll help."

Corlears gave him $3 and drew three cigars from his pocket. "They're all I have about me, but they're good ones."

"I'll have you one for luck," said the red faced man. "So long!"

Corlears stood for an instant making his plans. Then he walked to the pawnshop and redeemed his valise. By means of some newspapers and a few stones he added the necessary weight; then he lunched, bought a clean collar and strolled to the station. When Corlears stepped on the north bound train that evening, two porters vied for the honor of carrying his valise.

"Pullman dis way, sah!"

"Smoker," said Corlears sententiously.

When the conductor made his first round, Corlears handed him his ticket without looking up from his paper. The man glanced casually at it; then examined it carefully. After that he

Corlears nonchalantly drew a bill from his pocket (it was his last one) and held it up to the conductor. "Here, keep this for yourself, and for the Lord's sake let me alone!"

The man's surly face lowered angrily. "I ain't that kind," he growled doggedly and motioned to a brakeman. Then he raised his hand to the cord above his head. "I'll give you two minutes to decide," he said.

A brakeman and a trainman joined the group. Corlears set his face firmly. "I guess I've had more than $3 worth out of that ticket," he thought to himself. The conductor looked at him sullenly, watch in hand.

"Well!" he growled. Then he pulled the cord, the train slowed up, and Corlears found himself standing beside the snowy track watching a receding point in the distance. As the train moved past him Corlears was conscious of a man standing motionless on the other side of the track. It was a desolate scene that lay about them. The pale light of a waning winter moon fell upon long wastes of snow covered fields, broken here and there by lines of black poplars and defined at the eastern edge by a long stretch of woods.

The two men became conscious of each other apparently at the same moment. The man across the track wore a silk hat and looked like a clergyman. "You've done a pretty clever thing," he said, drawing a pistol from his pocket and taking deliberate aim at Corlears, "but you don't find me wholly unprepared."

Corlears laughed grimly. "That's where you have the advantage of me. I admit that I am altogether unprepared. I throw up my hands. You'll hardly find it worth while robbing me, however, as I've just been put off the train for lack of car fare."

The man put up his revolver. "Excuse my mistake," he said politely. "I jumped off the train on the other side. I'm not a highwayman, but I took you for something worse. Do you know the country?" Corlears shook his head. "About midway between Columbia and Chester, I should say." The man scanned him narrowly.

"What are you going to do?" he said. Corlears set his teeth. "Walk to the next station if I don't freeze on the way and after that—get to New York some way."

"You say that you have no money?"

"I've just $2.16." There was a pause. The man appeared to be considering. At last he spoke.

"If you'd like to earn $500, I can put you in the way of it."

"I should be delighted," Corlears drawled ironically. "I might earn it shoveling snow. There's a good deal of it about."

"I'm perfectly serious," the man rejoined. "Listen. You want to get to New York; I want to keep away from it. I bought a ticket to New York, but I left the train when it slowed up to put you off. I've since changed my mind."

Corlears nodded. "I see," he said.

"Very good. You are about my height and build. Change clothes with me, take my ticket, walk on to the next station and board the first train for New York. If you meet my anxious friends and they offer you pressing

began drew to trickle down his face. He took out his handkerchief and bandaged his wounds as well as he could.

His pipes were safe. He could feel the reeds lying over his knees. He went to grasp them.

He was tormented with an awful thirst. His water bottle was still intact, and he raised it to his lips. Still the thirst continued.

He sat up and considered. Where was his company?. Where was the captain and his lieutenant, the young laird, who bore the same name as he bore? He would go to them. So he went.

He rose up and, reeling, fell. He rose again and once more came down. Then he crawled.

There were groans and curses and sobs from the darkness, and sometimes a wild yell tore the night asunder. There were calls for water in all the dialects spoken north of the Tweed and in many forms of southern Anglo-Saxon.

Duncan crawled through them. At last he came to the barbed wire entanglements. As he crawled through the barbs tore his kilt and hose. He felt them enter his flesh, but at last he tore himself clear.

Then he rolled down a short way, and a boulder brought him up. He put out his hand to protect his face and caught another hand, cold and clammy, in his own.

The other groaned aloud.

"Is that you, laird?" said Piper Duncan Farquharson.

"Yes. It's you, Duncan," said Lieutenant Duncan Farquharson.

"Yes, it's me, laird. 'Are' ye sair hurtit?"

"No, I don't know, Duncan. For heaven's sake, if you have any water, give some."

"I have water, laird, but I'll get ye drink easier, 'cauf', though."

He felt his thigh and wrapped it as well as could be done in the circumstances.

"Did ye see my sister?"

"Do you mean the lady your father [illegible] so fish at the back o' beyond, Duncan? Now, was it a dark lady, or a fair? I don't remember."

He stopped, then he came back to Duncan.

"Now, laird, if you can move, bring a drink of water."

Duncan sat still and felt his head. He heard with his ears, but his brain had not yet comprehended.

Then consciousness returned to him. He must obey the laird.

It was in these circumstances that Piper Farquharson robbed the dead on Magersfontein.

His field of operation was limited, but he had many within it, limited though it might be.

Duncan pillaged from an officer a silver flask which its owner would never more require.

With other melancholy loot Duncan crawled slowly back to the laird, and, feeling for his face, he poured whisky and water between his lips.

The laird caught his trembling hand.

Duncan rose, propped himself against the bowlder, and stood over the body of his lieutenant.

Then over the veldt the low, wailing strains of "Lochaber No More" rose and swelled in the dawn, like the voice of a mother mourning with a sore articulate grief the loss of her children.

It was well played. The infinite sorrow, the wild hopelessness of the music rang out over veldt and kopje, and the more superstitious among the Boers muttered that "it was the wailing of the souls of the petticoat rooineks." It was probably Piper Farquharson's best effort. It was his last.

The Boer sentinel in the advanced trench saw, as the dawn came, a rooinek standing facing him. He was a petticoat and might have thousands behind him. The sentry brought his rifle to the "present." It was an easy shot—a tall man, with no khaki tunic to deceive the marksman. Then the Mauser barked.

In this wise Piper Duncan Farquharson of the Highland brigade rejoined his laird.—Detroit News.

"Pullman dis way, sah."

"Smoker," said Corlears sententiously.

When the conductor made his first round, Corlears handed him his ticket without looking up from his paper. The man glanced casually at it; then examined it carefully. After that he took a long look at Corlears, who observed him in the mirror opposite.

"Where did you buy this ticket?" he asked.

"In Savannah, of course," said Corlears carelessly.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

He took the ticket away with him. Through the glass door Corlears could see him in earnest colloquy with a brakeman. At last he returned.

"There is something crooked about this ticket, sir."

Corlears looked incredulous. "What do you mean by that?" he asked sharply.

"Well, the road hasn't issued that kind of excursion ticket since the 1st of November. It was good for 60 days, you know." The conductor's tone was almost apologetic.

"Look at the date. I should say that would settle it," the boss looked bored.

"Well, we think the date's been altered. The 9 has been changed to a 1, making the date January instead of September."

Corlears scrutinized the ticket. "I see no evidence of it," he said coldly. "However, it's no affair of mine. I bought the ticket and paid for it; the road is responsible."

He turned to his paper. The conductor shifted uneasily and finally turned away.

"The plot thickens," Corlears said to himself. "Anyhow, I am two hours nearer New York than I was in Savannah." He went to sleep. At 10 o'clock the train ran into Columbia, where a new conductor came on. In about an hour Corlears saw him approach, though he pretended to be still asleep. The new man was very direct in his methods.

"Look here!" he said, shaking Corlears by the arm. "This ticket won't go."

"I guess it will go as far as New York," he returned easily, "and then I'll see Mr. Howson and tell him he's got some fool conductors on this end of the line."

"There's no use in bluffing," the man growled. "Either you've been taken in yourself or you're trying to fool us. Somebody's trying to beat the road out of a fare, and I tell you it won't go with me."

Corlears looked the man up and down. "What do you propose to do about it?" he asked contemptuously.

"Either collect the fare or put you off."

Corlears looked him squarely in the eyes. "You'll do neither," he said. "As it is, you will lose your place."

"When I lose my place, it won't be for giving beats free rides to New York. If you was the president's son-in-law and had nothing better to show for it than this here good for nothing ticket, you'd have to pay up or get off."

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Corlears nodded. "I see," he said.

"Very good. You are about my height and build. Change clothes with me, take my ticket, walk on to the next station and board the first train for New York. If you meet my anxious friends and they offer you pressing attentions, don't decline them on the score of being some one else."

"And then?"

The man smiled. "You will be taken excellent care of, and you will be met at the Grand Central station with a carriage. Then they will discover their mistake, and they will apologize. In the meantime you will have got to New York, and you will be $500 richer."

He counted out five crisp new $100 bills. Corlears saw them distinctly in the moonlight.

"Is it a bargain?"

Corlears trudged on in silence for a moment. "Let me see your ticket, please." The man handed it to him. "It's good for stopovers, I see, so I can use it all right."

The man's eyes glittered. "Do you agree?" he said eagerly.

"I'll take the ticket," Corlears said slowly, "and in exchange for it I'll swap clothes with you, and I'll keep my mouth shut until we get to New York, but you can keep the $500."

"Don't be a fool," said the man. "It will be worth more than that to me if it works." Corlears shook his head. "I tried to beat the railroad company out of a fare, I must admit," he replied, "but I usually play fair. I haven't made much of a success of my life, but I've lived it squarely so far. It's habit, I suppose."

The man gave a kind of groan. "God knows I wish I could say as much."

The exchange of clothing was quickly made. "I'm in a stovepipe hat," Corlears said, with a laugh, "though it's rather cold comfort in this snow heap."

"Goodby," said the man, and he ran quickly off in the opposite direction, his long black shadow trailing grotesquely after him.

The next morning when Corlears, footsore and hungry, walked into the little station at Blankville he found two men there lounging by the stove. They stood beside him at the lunch counter, and when he finally boarded the north bound train they entered with him and took the seat behind him. Corlears smiled to himself. When the train reached Charlotte, a boy came on with the morning papers. Corlears bought one.

"William Brand, the defaulting cashier of the Winderton bank, has been traced to Savannah. It is supposed that he has with him some $50,000 in bills and gold. A large force of detectives is working on his case, and his speedy capture is looked for. He was burned in effigy last night by the people of Winderton, many of whom are reduced to penury through his peculations."

"I'm glad I kept clear of that $500," Corlears said to himself. Then he fell asleep, for he was utterly worn out.

"Takes it cool, doesn't he?" said one of the men behind Corlears. "Wonder if he knows the game is up?"

RAT PORTAGE MINER

AND RAINY LAKE JOURNAL

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RAT PORTAGE, ONT., OCT. 5, 1900

Gilbert Parker, the eminent Canadian novelist, was elected by a good majority to the Imperial House of Commons, over Harmsworth, the big London newspaper man. Gilbert Parker is the third Canadian to secure a seat in the Imperial Parliament, Gen. Laurie and Edward Blake being the other two.

The political situation so far as Algoma is concerned is assuming a new phase. A number of mining men throughout the district are considering the advisability of bringing out an independent candidate who will advocate the claims of the district from a mining standpoint and who will be untrammelled by the exigencies of either party.

Anonymous Letters.

If there is one habit or vice, if we may call it such, which is more to be dispised than another it is the habit of anonymous letters. People who will stoop to such means of exploding personal spite are probably more to be pitied than anything else. On several occasions during the past year letters have been brought to our notice which have been sent to the head office of companies, making statements regarding managers and employees which have been absolutely false, yet the writers have endeavored by this means to prejudice the minds of the directors of such company. However no notice has been taken of them, but they are exceedingly annoying. If the writers of these anonymous letters would sign their names, to the false recitals it is possible some little attention might be bestowed on them, but we feel assured their cowardly actions can but secure for them the contempt of the receivers. It is giving Rat Portage a bad name and hurting the town than is realized. The surest cure more for the disease is hard work.

THE Peoples Forum

...nie Girard, a brilliant and accomplished artist, who is recognized as undoubtedly one of the most pleasing and original artists on the American stage. Miss Rose Standish, the clever little ingenue of the company, will be sure to become a great favorite during the company's stay. Mr. Alex. Cochrane, one of Australia's most prominent actors, and leading man of this organization, who, during the season of 1894-6 toured on a starring engagement through South Africa, and leading man with Frank Thornton's, Charles Arnold's, Jennie Lee's Comedy Companies, and Hilda Strong's Shakespearian Company.

Prompt Payment.

The following letter is from Mrs. Elizabeth Modeland, mother of the late George Modeland, who was accidently drowned at Rat Portage in June last:

Brampton, Ont., Sept. 26th, 1900.

The Agent Ontario Accident Insurance Co., Brampton.

Dear Sir,—Please extend to the Ontario Accident Insurance Company my thanks for cheque for $1,000 in full settlement of claim under policy held by my son, George, who was drowned at Rat Portage in June last, and assure them of my appreciation of the prompt and honorable manner in which they paid me, and oblige.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH MODELAND.

The policy mentioned in the above communication was taken out last fall through S. S. Cummins, the local agent of the Ontario Accident Co., by The Miner Publishing Co., with the manager as trustee, and was termed a "Workman's Collective Policy." It covered all the employees of The Miner Publishing Co., in the mechanical department to the extent of $1,000 each. It will be remembered Mr. Modeland, who was foreman of THE MINER, was accidentally drowned in the Winnipeg river on the 20th of June last. The Ontario Accident Co. has acted very promptly and honorably in the matter in paying to the beneficiary of the policy the amount named, and it gives us great pleasure to recommend the company for their straightforward and businesslike methods.

Conservative Mass Meeting.

A grand mass meeting of the Liberal Conservatives of Rat Portage district will be held in Fullerton's hall, Fort street, on Saturday evening next, Oct. 6th at 8 o'clock. All Conservatives are earnestly invited to attend, as

A Pleased Editor.

Mr. Trautman, editor of the Fort William Journal, was a visitor to town last week. He is very enthusiastic over the twin towns at the head of Lake Superior. He took in the trip to Fort Francis and gives his impression as follows in the Journal:

Last week I had the pleasure of a trip through the Lake of the Woods and Rainy river on the fine steamer of the Rainy River Navigation Co., commanded by Capt. Thompson of this place. From the time of leaving Rat Portage until Fort Frances is reached and all the distance back through the tortuous windings of the river and in and out among the thousands of islands in the lake, the trip is one continuous delight to the traveller. Even before the start is made, the Keenora lying at the dock gives one an idea of what the trip is sure to be. She is a finely fitted twin screw steamer containing every possible equipment that can be produced by modern ingenuity. Everything about her shows the well managed steamer catering especially to travel that needs to be supplied with all the comforts that the present day requires and expects. The time is so well arranged that the traveller passes through the portion in daylight on the return trip that he went through in the night on the up trip. But all the way it is an unvarying scene of activity as well as a scene of natural wonder and beauty. The whole length of the river, especially on the Canadian side, is dotted with the home of the settler, and shows thrift and prosperity. The more a person travels through the Thunder Bay and Rainy River districts of Ontario the more he wonders why it is not flooded with summer travel every year. It is true that it is on the constant increase but it isn't half what it should be. Any man or woman who will take a trip on the Keenora from Rat Portage to Fort Frances will surely recommend it to his friends as one of the most enjoyable ones on the continent.

Monthly Hospital Report.

R. Thompson, secretary of the Royal Jubilee hospital, makes the following report for the month ending Sept. 30, 1900:

Under treatment	15
Admitted during month	21
Discharged during month	19
Deaths during month	1

All patients treated during the month were "typhoids."

Mr. R. Kershaw, accompanied by his bride, arrived home from England Sunday last. While away Mr. Kershaw visited his old home and also spent a short time viewing the sights of the Paris exhibition. He had a delightful trip and quite naturally speaks of it with the keenest enjoyment. THE MINER, along with many friends, extend congratulations and wish the newly married couple a long and happy life.

TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle For Life With a Stalwart Murderer and a Narrow Escape From Death at the Hands of an Armed Maniac.

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain, "and I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and a mighty powerful man, and he was in a good position to go down for life or be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I be sent to his cell. I had arrested him and had tried to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind and intended to confess, so I went to the cellroom and talked with him.

"'Captain,' said he in a confiding way, 'I want you to come in here and sit down. This secret is making a wreck of me, and I want to tell you everything.'

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside him.

"'Is Mr. —— going to die?' was his first question.

"'The doctor says he cannot live,' I replied.

"'Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good?' asked he.

"I replied that they were. The prisoner lapsed apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon him he paced up and down the cell. Suddenly he slammed the door of the cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather fearsome voice:

"'I've finished one, and if I do two I can get nothing worse than the chair.'

"Saying which, he leaped at me, leading out a powerful blow as he did so. I was, of course, up and ready for him and had a billy in my hand. He had nothing but his big fists, feet and teeth, any of which he was ready and anxious to use, but he was twice a match for me even up. I don't know how I did it. If he had got the best of me just for a second, I would have been pounded to death; there is no doubt of that. I rapped him on the head time and time again with my billy, felt his blood flying over me, heard him snarl and also felt the imprint of his powerful fists. It took me five minutes to lay him out, and I must say that I never spent five busier minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years.

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the

age a bad name and hurting the town than is realized. The surest cure more for the disease is hard work.

THE Peoples Forum

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any opinions expressed by our correspondents. All letters must be accompanied with name of writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Rat Portage, Oct. 2, 1900.

Editor Rat Portage Miner;

Dear Sir,—While I, as a citizen and ratepayer of the town of Rat Portage, was always under the impression that Sunday work was not allowed, and was against the law of the town as well as the country. If such is the case, why should such work continue on Sunday, which cannot be helped being seen by all. Last Sunday I was sitting by the window and saw six different young men passing homeward with guns; and also heard several shots, more so than any day during the week, and also young men in boats. There were several boats passed up the creek Sunday last—one especially that was a disgrace to any town or young men. The singing of songs and blackguard talk was a disgrace to anyone. It is not much wonder that the young generation are growing up the way they are, when such work is allowed on Sunday. There are several churches in our town, and all have Sunday schools where young men can learn to be respected. And if such young men continues on at such work on Sunday as hunting and fishing, I say the law should be carried out to the letter and learn some of our young men a lesson, which would be good for for the young generation. I hope this will be a warning to all young men.

RAT PORTAGE CITIZEN.

THE AUSTRALIAN COMEDY CO.

Direct From the Antipods—Great Theatrical Event.

The Australian Comedy Company, direct from the Antipodes, will appear at the Hillard Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. The personnel of the company includes Miss George Elliott, who has been especially engaged as leading lady for this tour. She is well known to eastern audiences, having been associated with many stars, including Modjeska, in the season of 1898-9, Miss Madge Carr Cook, one of the most beautiful women on the Australian stage and a talented actress, who has earned unstinted praise with the famous Brough & Boucicault Company, Frank Thornton's English Comedy Company, Williamson & Musgrove's Company, etc. Miss An-

A grand mass meeting of the Liberal Conservatives of Rat Portage district will be held in Fullerton's hall, Fort street, on Saturday evening next, Oct. 6th at 8 o'clock. All Conservatives are earnestly invited to attend, as there will be important and urgent business to discuss. The writs for the Dominion elections may be issued any day and it is very desirable that Conservatives be thoroughly organized for the contest.

LACROSSE AT NEW WESTMINSTER

The Vancouver World Gives the Winnipegs a Few Pointers.

Vancouver, Oct. 3. — Concerning Tuesday's lacrosse match between the Winnipeg and New Westminster teams, the World will say this afternoon: The champion lacrosse team of Manitoba yesterday lined up against the King Pins of the lacrosse world, the New Westminster team, and the visitors never so far as got a look inside the wigwams of the sockeyes. There was simply nothing to see. It was Westminster at the quarter, at the half, and they came on in a canter with a tally up of eleven goals to the Prairie City team's zero. The story is practically told in the foregoing words. The exhibition of lacrosse which the visitors put up at times speaks none too well for the article they play in Manitoba. Their work was certainly most disappointing in every department of the game. They have a most extraordinary method of playing lacrosse, and their style suited the Westminster's team all to pieces.

Mrs. Robt. Rogers and family will leave next week for their new home in Winnipeg. Mrs. Rogers will be much missed in the musical and social life of Rat Portage, but her many friends hope she will be a frequent visitor to town.

Sunday last. While away Mr. Kershaw visited his old home and also spent a short time viewing the sights of the Paris exhibition. He had a delightful trip and quite naturally speaks of it with the keenest enjoyment. THE MINER, along with many friends, extend congratulations and wish the newly married couple a long and happy life.

Ants Invent a Wagon.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place, near Covington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits," says a contributor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their home.

"Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with their awkward booty and then stopped and seated to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty."

The Advance of Time.

The age of man, we are told, is threescore years and ten. From 25 to 40, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to 50 the change is greater. Fifty-five to 60, the alteration startles; still we are not bowed down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the later stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable duty this and keenly felt by both. Such is time's progress.—Scottish American.

The Carp Is Very Bony.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 492 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

The Worst of It.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls.

Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.

Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life.—Johnson.

If a woman tries to practice what her husband preaches, she has no time for gossip.

minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years.

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"'I never was down in this part of the city before,' he said, 'and, being here, I thought I'd stop in and visit with you.'

"'That's right,' I rejoined. 'I'm always glad to receive callers.'

"I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seemed that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stalwart and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation.

"'Beg pardon, my friend,' said I, 'but I really can't just place you. I know we've met, but where?'

"'No, we haven't met before. I never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times.'

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"'Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my ear), I'm going to cut your throat!'

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes sidewise, I saw that he held an opened razor in his right hand. I did not move immediately.

"'So you're going to cut my throat?' I said, quietly turning part way around.

"'Yes, captain. I have been commanded by God to do so. I'm sorry, but it must be done. Get ready.'

"'That's all right, my friend. I'm perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furniture here. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?'

"'That'll do. Come on,' rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into my office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now."

A wedding ring should fit the finger. If it is too large, it is a sign of shallowness of purpose; if too tight, it suggests that the union pinches somehow. A perfect fitting ring is symbolic of a perfect, harmonious union.

LETTING THINGS SLIP

Synopsis of a Sermon Preached in Knox Church Sunday Last.

It would appear from the reports of missionaries that the problem of missions is not merely to save the heathen, but to reach those from Christian lands who have lapsed into irreligion. In all the cities of the Orient are to be found men whose training and traditions are Christian, but who now have to all appearance let go their last hold upon Christianity.

This, too, we may say, is in large measure the work of the church at home, to guard against the spiritual declension of her people, and to save them who have fallen away; for the Occident as well as the Orient has its numerous examples of apostasy; here, as well as abroad, are those who, once devout and faithful, are now wholly indifferent to the concerns of the soul and the service of God. May we not indeed be more specific and say that here in our town, among the people whom every day we meet, upon our streets, are to be found those whose life presents this sad contrast of faith and unbelief?

Instances are cited in history of men making this surrender for adequate cause. They have found out, they say, the hollowness of Christianity, and, unable to believe a lie, they have cast off from this system of error. Some have been known to say that the facts of Christianity is bad, and their changed attitude from approval to condemnation is therein justified. And thus with various reasons assigned many may yet be found to say that their abandonment of faith was according to reason; the subject was well thought out, the step deliberately taken; intellect and conscience led them out from the house of bondage.

Granting that some have made intelligent and conscientious change, have all the deserters from Christ's gospel and service changed front deliberately and all with reason? Is not the explanation given by a merchant prince from the East, as he talked with a missionary on board a Pacific steamer, the one that covers most instances? Both men hailed from Scotland, and their training in the religion of Jesus was fully in keeping with the best traditions of that land. The merchant confessed that he had no reason to give for his present state of irreligion other than neglect; or in the words of Scripture, he had "let these things slip." Let us, he said, be more specific and say to ourselves what we do believe. Have a creed if you want to keep your religion. Many are lacking in definiteness of conviction. The profess the religion of Christ, but have hardly taken their bearings in the realm of Christian thought. Especially needful is it to be clear respecting Christ. Be able to say with Peter, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God," or with Paul, "I know whom I have believed."

2. Intelligent Faith.—"Walk about Zion and go around about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well the bulwarks, consider her palaces." A study of the evidences of Christianity must always prove helpful. The believer's faith rests upon a sure foundation; a look at this tends to confirm faith. It is not possible for all to study this matter as a science and examine minutely all the reasons by which the religion of Jesus is supported. Yet we can be steadfast only as far as we are intelligent in faith, and God has made accessible to the unlearned as well as to the learned facts of history, literature, or life which shall strengthen and confirm the believer. See how Jesus met the doubts of that strong man, His forerunner, John, Languishing in prison, he sends to Jesus to know whether He was the Messiah. Jesus' answer was, "Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard: how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached. And with this reply, we are led to believe that great soul was satisfied. Listen also to the words of Samaritan company whom Jesus won to Himself through the report made by a woman with whom he talked at the well's mouth. "Now we believe, not because of the saying; for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world." These humble people were satisfied with their choice because, not only was the heart touched, but the mind enlightened. They saw in Him, in whom they believed, a reason for trusting Him. Let us be similarly fortified against apostasy.

3. Right Living. Faith and works are intimately connected. It is impossible to believe, or to hold faith while doing wrong. "How can ye believe," said Jesus to some, "who receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only"? Asked if his father were a Christian, a boy replied that he was, but that he had'nt been practicing it much recently. Bad or careless living will soon undermine the faith of the strongest. To follow Jesus afar off will soon lead to the stout assertion that we never knew Him. History tells us that the infidelity of some, at least, of the great opponents of Christianity was buttressed with proffigacy. And in the [illegible] about us today in whom world better, more perfectly adapted to the wants of man, than Christianity? Take a good look at that side of the question. What will you do in the day of trouble, where thy refuge? Who but Christ gives hope of deliverance from sin? What shall be the pillow for the dying head? Where is there given us, an outlook beyond time, or a picture of glory hereafter save in the Bible? If disappointed with religion, does irreligion promise greater things? Would the world be better without Christ? Would you? Look at this other side, profound the alternative, and you will say with Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Let us give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard.

TAKE WATER FOR MEDICINE.

A Health Producer Which Is Available Everywhere.

There is no doubt that we do not drink enough. Our bodies consist largely of water, and the average man needs to drink from four to six pints of water daily in order to maintain health. This is the amount of water eliminated from the body by means of the kidneys, the skin and lungs. It is evident that a fresh supply is constantly needed to supply this lost aid in the process of digestion and carry away waste matter.

If the amount of water imbibed is not sufficient for all this, the health must suffer. Air, water and food are the essentials of life in the order given.

A person can fast a long time—experiments have proved this—but that same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

As a usual thing women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

Popular Wants.

$10 REWARD. Lost in the vicinity of the Hilliard House, Monday, the 17th inst., about 6 p.m., a purse containing a $10 bill and memorandum of value only to the owner. The above reward will be paid for the return of purse and contents to this office or information that will lead to its

CLERK'S NOTICE —OF— FIRST POSTING OF VOTERS' LIST.

VOTERS' LIST 1900—Municipality of the Township of McIRVINE, District of Rainy River.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last Revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections; and that the said List was first posted up at my office at Fort Frances, on the 28th day of September, 1900, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have

Gamer; the one that covers most distances? Both men hailed from Scotland, and their training in the religion [illegible] was fully in keeping with the [illegible]tions of that land. The mer[illegible] confessed that he had no reason to give for his present state of irreligion other than neglect; or in the words [illegible] us, he had "let these things [illegible]."

Is not that the philosophy of [illegible] situation? Is not that the admis[illegible] to be made by every one here whose life has been marked by retrogression? Forgetting Jesus' counsel, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and His warning, Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. Men, deeming themselves secure in nature, have awakened to find themselves drifting on a sea of doubt. The loss of faith is sad. To be homeless, penniless, to be without friends, to be broken down in body and mind is not [illegible] a plight as to be without God and without hope in the world. What is the knowledge of God and [illegible] correspondency with Him [illegible] which most [illegible] Happiness, and his life has [illegible] purpose and permanency. Life is the pursuit, to [illegible] anything low [illegible] end single is to make [illegible]. "What shall it profit [illegible] gain the whole world and [illegible] soul?"

[illegible] the frequency with which [illegible] spoken, urging His people to [illegible] lest they suffer this irreparable loss. Those words under con[illegible] stand out with prominence [illegible] class. "Therefore we [illegible] give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, [illegible] time we should let them slip." We guard ourselves against [illegible] every other hand. Can we [illegible] indifference to the interests of the unseen and eternal? With utmost solicitude we safeguard earthly possessions, and diligently care for the body. Shall we then hazard the loss of the "pearl of great price," and treat with absolute unconcern the interests of the soul? Bolts and bars, jealous guard, are our confidence for [illegible] of things earthly. What [illegible] may be suggested against [illegible] the things we have heard [illegible] by Christ?

[illegible] vision, it called upon to [illegible] we should be able to [illegible] cardinal doctrines of our [illegible] this not because we have [illegible] and can glibly repeat some [illegible] setting of Christian doctrine? [illegible] rather because we have [illegible] these things for ourselves. Are [illegible] of the laws of memory. We [illegible] retain what we have not [illegible] seen. In like manner our [illegible] upon the truth most necessarily [illegible] stronger if we can with clearness [illegible] the essentials of life in the other [illegible].

A person can fast a long time—experiments have proved this—but that same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

As a usual thing women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding drinking at meals. Some assert that the practice is injurious, as it dilutes the gastric juice. Others again claim that a glassful of pure drinking water taken during the process of mastication is healthful. On one point, however, all authorities agree—namely, that ice water is injurious.

Generally speaking, the theory advocated by the best physicians nowadays is to drink often and much. It cleanses the system, increases circulation and helps to make a clear complexion. Therefore, ye men and women, the latter especially, drink. Take clear, pure, sterilized water and be thankful so simple a remedy of nature is near at hand.—Table Talk.

Fireproof Safes.

"For city use in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner walled than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the safe occupies. The modern building is fireproof, or substantially so, and in case of fire the safe does not fall down through the burned floors into a mass of burning debris in the cellar, but it stays where it has been placed, supported by the steel floor beams of the room and, with less around it to burn, subjected to comparatively less heat.

"Under such conditions the thin walled safe is as fireproof as the thick walled safe would be under the conditions in which it is used in the old style buildings, for use in which the thick walled safe is still commonly sold."

Just Like a Man.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel?

Cabman—One dollar, sir.

Biggs—And how much for taking me alone?

Cabman—The same—one dollar.

Biggs (to his wife)—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.

I and My.

The pronouns "I" and "my" are greatly to be avoided in general conversation. "I" do this or that; "my" children are so and so; "my" cook, "my" house, "my" equipages—such iteration sets terribly on the nerves of the listener, besides being in very bad form.

Handy.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."

THE LIMIT PASSED.

One Scheme Which the Girl's Stern Parent Would Not Sanction.

"Please, mamma, please!"

"Papa, I beg of you do not refuse!"

Cordelia Pasdetout clung wildly about her fond but obdurate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did likewise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail. The elder Pasdetouts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard shelled crab from out a scalp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders; then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordelia, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health, in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the last ten years it has been nothing but move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on us packing up and going elsewhere, that you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse."

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything.

But their firm parent remained firm.

"No," continued Mr. Pasdetout; "we will not, absolutely will not, celebrate our silver wedding again in order to prove to people that you two cannot be over 21 at the outside! The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

the Legislative Assembly and at municipal elections; and that the said List was first posted up at my office at Fort Frances, on the 28th day of September, 1900, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated at Fort Frances this 28th day of September, 1900.

G. W. JOHNSTON,
Clerk of Municipality of McIrvine

Public Notice of COURT OF REVISION

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given of the sittings of the Court of Revision at the Town Hall, Rat Portage, on Monday the 8th day of October 1900, at the hour of 8 o'clock p.m., for the hearing of appeals pursuant to the statutes in that behalf respecting the local improvement work set out in the schedule hereunder, and to assess the final cost thereof upon the property abutting thereon to be benefitted thereby. A statement showing the lands liable to pay the said assessment and the names of the owners thereof as far as they can be ascertained, is now fyled in the office of the Town Clerk and is open for inspection during office hours.

The following schedule shows the estimated cost of the said proposed work, and the amount thereof to be expended out of the general funds of the Municipality:

Total cost	$3774.60.
Town's share	575.10.

Sewer on Lottie Street from Julia St. to Lake of the Woods; Julia St. from Lottie to Gertie Street; Gertie Street from Julia to Agnes Street; Agnes Street from Gertie Street to McRae Street, with outlet to Lake of the Woods.

Any person or persons are hereby requested either personally or by their agents to appear before the Court of Revision for hearing complaints against the proposed work and assessments or accuracy of the frontage measurements or any other complaints which are by law cognizable by said court.

Dated at Rat Portage this 27th day of September, A.D. 1900.

D. McCURRIE,
Clerk.

24

TO LET—On September 15th, Residence on the corner of Second and Matheson Sts., occupied at present by Dr. Aylesworth. Apply to Chas. Pope. 51-tf

Poor Copy

THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She Knew Her Time For Departure For the Other World Had Come, and She Was Anxious to Become an Angel, but There Were Drawbacks.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of The Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the post-office when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began:

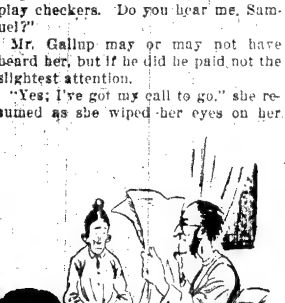
"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin, and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bile on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—fur more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her



"SPARE A DYIN WOMAN THREE OR FOUR MINITS."

apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin round, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. I may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrer, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't

Will I be changed in the twinkling of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin, and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin on a harp the very first thing? If it is, then I dunno as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin folks laugh at me. And the singin, Samuel—the singin! My voice is cracked, and I sing through my nose, and is that goin to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or some one else was talking to him, but he answered not. Two minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something. Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear.

M. QUAD.

HER "SUSPICION CURE."

It Made Life One Lingering Honeymoon For Mrs. Jones' Adviser.

"I would be quite happy if my husband would not spend so much of his time at his club," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What in the name of Susan B. Anthony is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Jones in amazement.

"Well, my husband got in the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried over it for some time before I hit upon a plan to keep him at home. At first I pleaded with him, telling him how lonely I was at home when he was away, but he would only laugh and promise to be home early, which meant midnight or later. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to his club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed me I was on the right tack, and I resolved to keep it up. One night when he came home for dinner he announced that he had a severe headache and would remain home for the evening. I opposed the idea and pointed out that an evening at his club would cause him to forget his headache and do it good. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion and left for his club. Something told me that he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet and waited

Stuck to His Post.

When it comes to a battle, a horse shows no fear of death, no sign of being overcome by panic, in all the wild tumult of the battle's roar. A horse in one of our batteries in the Murfreesboro fight was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when he saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest. When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and lay down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.—Our Dumb Animals.

Literary Difficulties.

"She has been talking about writing a novel for years," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other, "but I don't think she'll ever get it completed. She has followed the plan of those authors who study their personal acquaintances for types of character."

"Isn't the method a good one?"

"Not in her case. When her husband refuses her anything, she wants to put him in as the villain, and when he does as she wishes she wants to make him the hero. It keeps her continually rewriting the first chapter."

Longevity of Fish.

There are some goldfish in Washington which have belonged to the same family for the last 50 years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Imperial aquarium at St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old, and the age of the sacred fish in some of the ponds attached to the Buddhist temples in China is to be counted by centuries, if we are to believe the priests.

Somewhat Encouraging.

"Did that rich young Goldbag propose to you last night?"

"Not exactly, mamma, but he asked for an option on me for 30 days."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Dont be Fooled"

AND think that your old

WHEN DOGS ARE SICK.

The Way to Give Medicine to These Highly Sensitive Patients.

In all treatment of a sick dog remember you are dealing with a highly sensitive and nervous patient. Be very gentle, avoid roughness or anything likely to alarm him. In giving him any liquid medicine do not open his mouth, but, placing him between your knees, with his face looking in the same direction as your own, gently raise his jaw and, pulling his lips away from his teeth on one side of his mouth, to form a cup or funnel, very slowly pour from bottle or spoon the quantity he is to have into it.

Keep his head raised for a minute or two and if he does not swallow the dose insert a spoon between his front teeth. This will have the effect of drawing off his attention from the medicine and he will usually swallow at once. If the dose is a pill, bolus or anything solid, hold his head the same way as before mentioned, but with the left hand under lower jaw, press firmly on each side with thumb and finger at the junction of upper and lower jaws.

This will usually cause him to open his mouth, when the dose should be put into the mouth as far back as possible over the tongue (or he will spit it out) and close the jaws somewhat sharply, and in most cases the deed is done. If any trouble arises with the action of his front paws this may be got over by wrapping him round with a shawl or coarse apron.

When once you have got into the way of it, you will be surprised how simple it is. I am quite sure a practiced owner or kennelsman would dose a dozen dogs while a novice was making a bungle over one.—"All About Dogs," by Charles Henry Lane.

THE COLLAR BUTTON.

Its Blessings Realized Only by Those Who Have Lived Without It.

"In looking over a trunk full of old truck the other day," said the elderly man, "I came across a lot of old shirts with the buttons sewed on, and as I looked at them I realized anew what the collar button means to humanity. There have been greater inventions, surely, but not many that have conferred a more unmixed blessing on mankind.

"The younger person of today, accustomed to the collar button always, cannot realize what it was to be without it. He can never know what it was to have shirts with the buttons sewed on—or not, as the case might be. Not so very many years ago, when the collar button was yet comparatively new, before persons had come to keep, as everybody commonly does now, a lot of buttons on hand, the man who had lost his collar button thought himself entitled to the sympathy of his fellows, but wrung as he might be by that loss he could not even guess at the anguish that in the sewed on button days filled the heart of the man who, when he came to put on his last clean shirt, found that key button, the one on the collar band, most important one of all, gone entirely or only just hanging by a thread!

"I knew a man once who had this

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction by Mr. Howard Barnes, Auctioneer, at the Town Hall, at the Town of Rat Portage, on Saturday, the 6th day of October, A. D., 1900, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the following property, viz.:

Lot Number 142, in Block 2, according to plan filed in the Registry Office, at Rat Portage.

On the property is erected a fine 2-story house of eight rooms, with a [illegible]

The property is centrally situated and very cheap to the public school.

For terms and conditions apply to

J. EDWARD BIRD,
Solicitor for Vendors,
Rat Portage.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1900.

To Our Advertisers.

It is absolutely necessary in order to insure insertion that all changes for advertisements for THE MINER should be in the office by Thursday at noon. It is impossible for us to crowd two

around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrer, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin, will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin, Samuel—that is, I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags fur a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his heel through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and sot up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed to that, but if he did he didn't say so sound. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel. The Mrs. Gallup could restrain herself no longer and sobbed out:

"I ain't leavin this house the way the wives wot died in Spain. When I go, you'll find [illegible] shirts and socks and everything [illegible] you will [illegible] I'll even [illegible] the carpet and our [illegible] if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorta mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading how to make a hammock out of a four barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

"And are all angels purty, Samuel?" she continued after awhile. "I've never been purty since I was a baby and fell out of the winder, but if I've got to be an angel I want my face made over as soon as I get up there. I'm not goin to be p'inted out fur my homeliness as I fly around. If I was, I knew I'd make up faces at some of 'em around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrer, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin, will you, Samuel?"

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Baldness.

It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men, which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors all the drugs of the pharmacopœia will not bring out flowing locks.

Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped [illegible] to ask a native the way. He [illegible] a shrug of the shoulders [illegible] "I don't speak English."

"You are a [illegible]," said the [illegible] English [illegible] ask

"Do you understand Maltese?"

"No."

"Do [illegible] Arabic?"

"No."

"Do [illegible] Italian?"

"No."

"Do [illegible] Greek?"

"No."

"Then you four fools. I only one!"—Youth's Companion.

An Incredulous Lawmaker.

It is recalled that when the projector of the railroad up Mount Washington sought a charter from the New Hampshire legislature one of the lawmakers, in his speech on the subject, said, "Give the fool permission, but he might as well ask for a railroad to the moon!" But the railroad is still running to the Tip Top House.

A married man says that a wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely dressed, but without sauce.

When a man approaches you and begins telling how honest he is, hold your hands on your pocketbook.—Atchison Globe.

Ditched the Bishop.

"I remember once driving across the country with Bishop ——," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of "A Missionary In the Great West" in the Ladies' Home Journal, "while discussing the nature of the soul. That is, the bishop was discussing. I was only prompting by a question now and then. We were on the rear seat of a wagon, with the driver on the front seat. It was a very dark night. In the middle of the bishop's exposition the wagon took a wild plunge, there was a crash, and over we went into the muddy ditch.

"'I beg your pardon, gents!' said the driver, who had retained control of the horses as we scrambled to our feet. 'I was so interested in hearin the man discussin my immortal soul, which I hardly ever knowed that I had one before, that I clean forgot where we was and drove you plump into the ditch.'"

Better to Have Waited.

The other morning Jones turned up at the office even later than usual. His employer, tired of waiting for him, had himself set about registering the day's transactions, usually Jones' first duty. The enraged merchant laid his pen aside very deliberately and said to Jones, very sternly indeed, "Jones, this will not do!"

"No, sir," replied Jones gently, drawing off his coat as he glanced over his employer's shoulder, "it will not. You have entered McKurken's order in the wrong book. Far better to have waited till I came!"

A Thieves' Trick.

A mastiff was trained to assist thieves in Paris. It was in the habit of bounding against old gentlemen and knocking them over in the street. A "lady" and "gentleman"—owners of the dog—would then step forward to assist the unfortunate pedestrian to rise, and while doing so would ease him of his watch and purse.

Leisure Class.

Lord Sayvan-De Livrus—Ah, but your leisure clawss in this country have no titles.

Miss Sharpe—Nonsense! What's the matter with "hobo," "Weary Willie" "Dusty Roads," and so on?

Nearer at Hand.

"Did you ever reflect on the immensity of the solar system?"

"No. I've got my mind full reflecting on the size of the cuts I have to pay next week."

To Our Advertisers.

It is absolutely necessary in order to insure insertion that all changes for advertisements for THE MINER should be in the office by Thursday at noon. It is impossible for us to crowd two days' work into half a day, and do justice to the work. Advertisers will, therefore, kindly see that they have their changes in by Thursday noon.

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the depositing of dead animals, manure, night soil, on BURNER at NUISANCE GROUND is prohibited.

Arrangements have been made with Wm. Saunders for disposal of these on his farm on next lot north.

By order of
BOARD OF HEALTH.

THE "GENTLEMAN CORPORAL."

By M. Quad.

They were going to make a ride to the foothills and back—Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter. That meant a gallop of 30 miles. It was straight away down the stage road for ten miles, then across scrub and plain for five more to hit the natural curiosity called the Devil's basin.

"Not an Indian has been seen this side of the range for four months," said the captain as he talked over the proposed ride with the colonel, "and the trip is perfectly safe. I will detail an escort from my own company, but it will be only for appearance's sake."

"Yes, it will be safe, and May will enjoy the gallop," said the colonel, and no more was said about it.

At sunrise all were ready to set forth. As the girl stood on the veranda waiting for her horse six of the men of A troop came riding up under command of Corporal Haynes. They halted 30 feet away, and as she looked them over she gave a start of surprise, and a flush overspread her face. Next moment her cheeks went white, and she gasped as if choked for breath. The corporal's hand slowly lifted, and his head was uncovered for an instant, and Private Harkins whispered to Private O'Brien:

"And did ye see that, Jim? By smoke, but if our corporal and the colonel's daughter haven't met before they'll don't know a jack rabbit from a long-drink of whisky?"

"But how can it be?" asked O'Brien.

"How can the grass grow, ye thick head? Don't we call Haynes the 'Gentleman Corporal?' Isn't it agreed in Troop A that he has the education and manners of any officer from West Point and that he's seen the day when he trained with the tiptoppers?"

"And they may have loved?" mused O'Brien.

"That's it, but it's all over now, me boy. If me own sister was married to the second lootenant, I'd not dare to as much as wink me eye at her. It's a big gulf 'twixt officer and man, and if the man tries to bridge it he gets dropped to the bottom. See the girl walking to and fro? She's doing some thinking, and don't ye forget it."

"And the corporal isn't a bit easy in his mind," added the other.

It all took place in a minute, and then Captain Cline rode up, followed by the girl's horse. She called out a good morning and announced that she was ready, and when the captain rallied her on being a bit nervous she forced a laugh and charged him with being four long minutes behind the hour agreed. As she was lifted into the saddle she caught one more glance of the corporal, and the watchful Private Harkins again whispered to his mate:

"I, I, we've got a mystery here or I'm an old woman. The girl is flushing up. Who knows but what we may have a marriage between our 'Gentleman Corporal' and the colonel's daughter?"

"But there are Indians skulking about, sir," persisted the corporal. "I made sure of it before I came to you."

"Go back to your men!" was the sullen reply.

The corporal had looked straight at his officer and seemed unaware of the presence of the girl. She was flushing and paling alternately, and as he stood there twirling the cap he had doffed in silent recognition she protested:

"But, captain, if there are Indians, there is danger. If this—this soldier saw Indians"—

"Didn't you hear me?" shouted the captain at the lingering corporal.

The corporal saluted, turned on his heel and returned to his men. The gulf between officer and man did not permit him to explain in the face of that blunt command, but when he had reached the troopers he quietly said:

"Men, I have been up to the captain to report that there is a band of at least 50 Indians skulking down this way from Red Bird pass. They have seen us and are after us. The captain doesn't believe me, and you will get ready for a fight. They'll be here within half an hour. Softly now. Just overhaul your carbines and cartridges and make no display to frighten the girl. The reds have got to flank the basin on this side, and they will have to strike us first. We've got good cover, and we can stand 'em off for the day."

"But when night comes?" asked one of the men, though without a tremor in his tones.

"Get quietly ready," was the reply.

Meanwhile there was an argument between the captain and the colonel's daughter. He sought to assure her that nothing had been seen and that there was not the slightest danger; but, to his annoyance, she persisted in believing that there must be good grounds for the corporal's report. This annoyance made him delay matters, and nearly half an hour had passed and it was very much against the grain when he shouted for the soldier to approach and sneeringly asked:

"Well, corporal, isn't it about time your Indians showed up?"

"We shall hear from them in ten minutes," was the reply.

"And they will have rabbits' ears on their heads. You have sticks in your eyes."

"If we mounted now and rode fast, we would find the way open," said the corporal, with downcast eyes.

"Back, you impudent vagabond!" thundered the captain, with outstretched arm. "I'll break you for this the minute we get back!"

The corporal turned his gaze on the girl for a few fleeting seconds. There were anger, entreaty, love and humiliation in his eyes, while he was pale to the lips. For a second he seemed about to speak; then his head and shoulders dropped in a helpless way, and he saluted his officer and retired.

"Oh, Captain Cline, what makes you so harsh with him?" cried the girl as the soldier turned away. "If danger did not menace us, Robert wouldn't"—

"And so you two have met before?" he asked as she checked herself.

She had risen to her feet, and there were tears in her eyes. She might have replied, but at that minute three

STICK TO SIMPLE FOOD.

The American Business Man's Face Demands Easily Digested Dishes.

"There was in the old days far less wear and tear upon the nerves, and, under such conditions, digestion was more completely performed," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer of "Why I Am Opposed to Pies," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The mothers of today must look more carefully to the building of their bodies and brains than their mothers and grandmothers did. Indeed at the pace at which we Americans are going we use our brains at full speed nearly all the time. What man can build brain and brawn on pies, layer cakes or preserves or any other mass of material which from its very complexity requires labor and time for digestion, drawing the blood from the brain to the stomach during his working hours? Observe those who eat their complex foods carelessly and hastily and you will see at a glance the conditions that necessitate a complete rest every now and then, or an early nervous breakdown.

"In my close observation in the last 20 years I find very few people in our common struggle for existence who can for any length of time eat carelessly of complex foods. At 40 or 50 a man may perhaps have accumulated wealth, but not health, and of what earthly use is the first without the second? Many persons in the generation gone before have eaten pies at least once a day, but they have not had meat three times a day, nor have they rushed at our pace. They gave more time to the digestion of the pie. People who recommend these rich foods rarely know anything of their complex conditions and still less of the complexity of digestion."

HAM SMELLING A BUSINESS.

Peculiar Occupation For Which Only Few Are Qualified.

The ham smeller's only tools are a long steel trier and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him, and he plunges his sharp pointed trier into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint.

In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells. The slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor, he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or inexact or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as ten testing is supposed to be, but the ham smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player

the saddle she caught one more glance of the corporal, and the watchful Private Harkins again whispered to his [illegible]:

"[illegible] we've got a mystery here or I'm an old woman. The girl is flushing again. Who knows but what we may have a marriage between our 'Gentleman Corporal' and the colonel's daughter?"

"Remember the gulf!" growled O'Brien.

"I'd find a way to fly over it if I was in love!"

The two riders went galloping away, followed at a distance of 100 yards by the escort. It was a beautiful morning in summer, with the blue haze lying back over the distant mountains and an exhilaration in the air to make the blood of both horse and man tingle. Now and then the pace was slackened down a bit to breathe the horses, but no halt was made until the Devil's basin was reached. Close up against the base of Fire mountain was a natural dip, and in this dip or basin, were half a dozen spouting hot water springs. There was also a circular lake which steamed and bubbled, and now and then from the crevices of the rocks at the west end of the basin steam was forced out, with the notes of a fog horn. The escort halted 40 paces from the riders, and the men sat down on the rocks and ate the breakfast they had brought with them and smoked their pipes and gossiped. Meanwhile Corporal Haynes climbed to the top of a great bowlder and surveyed the country about with his keen eyes. It was three-quarters of an hour before he suddenly started and looked intently into the north beyond the basin and after three or four minutes came leaping down the rock and said to the lounging troopers:

"Men, see to your arms and lie close. I'm going up to report to the captain."

Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter were breakfasting on a flat topped rock overlooking the basin, and their horses were fastened to a [illegible] by. They saw Corporal [illegible] approaching and the captain [illegible] told that the girl flushed [illegible] as a single [illegible] in love [illegible] zed up [illegible] ast was [illegible] bowlder [illegible]

[illegible] the soldier turned away. "If danger did not menace us, Robert wouldn't!"

"And so you two have met before?" he asked as she checked herself.

She had risen to her feet, and there were tears in her eyes. She might have replied, but at that minute three rifle shots followed each other in quick succession, and the officer, who was just rising, received a bullet in his shoulder and sank down again.

"Bang, bang, bang!" went the carbines of the troopers, and the corporal came running up the hill to seize and drag his officer under shelter and to say to the girl:

"You must crouch down here and remain quiet. They can't get at you till they have killed the last one of us."

"And is it Indians?" asked Captain Cline as he tried to sit up.

"Fully 50 of 'em, sir, and our escape is cut off. What are the orders?"

"If you'd been keeping a lookout, this could not have happened!" growled the captain between his teeth. "I'll have you court martialed if we ever get back. Get back to your post!"

There was cover for the skulking Indians to within a stone's throw of the bowlders, and it wasn't ten minutes before two of the troopers were killed. After the first shock of pain the captain made his way down to the men, but there were no orders [illegible] Every horse had been killed as he stood by that time, and a third trooper had been mortally wounded. The dullest soldier could have told that there was no escape. In his rage and pain the captain cursed loud and deep, and there were curses on his lips as he half rose to shift his position, and a bullet reached his heart. Crouching behind a bowlder and peering out now and then with staring eyes, and again covering her face with her hands and rocking her body to and fro, the colonel's daughter gasped and sobbed and waited. By and by she missed the reports of the carbines, and the sound of footsteps echoed in her ears.

"Cousie!" said the corporal as he lifted her up.

"Oh, Robert, and have you beaten them off?" she exclaimed.

"No, my [illegible] are all dead, and the Indians will [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] any!"

A Test of Accuracy.

Drawing from memory is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. Even professional artists find that they must rely largely upon hasty jottings made upon the spot as suggestions for their pictures. Those who are not artists need to look keenly and closely at what they wish to recollect, for they must depend upon their memory to bring details back to them. It is an excellent corrective of superficial observation to sketch a scene as we think we saw it and afterward return to the scene and take another view. It is a training both in accuracy and humility, for we learn how easy it is to deceive ourselves as to what we have remarked.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

She Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.

Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar—what do you want with all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save [illegible] bread pudding. I [illegible] go to waste. [illegible]

Dress Well.

[illegible] ple shall [illegible] "Co [illegible] to his [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] I have to [illegible] any!"

Business Locals.

Kershaw's baggage transfer phone 62

For fine WATCH REPAIRING at a reasonable charge go to W. A. FERGUSON, THE WATCH SPECIALIST. Next door to Drewry's. tf

Items of Local Interest

Miss Maggie Cochran arrived in town Sunday, having fully recovered from the accident at Coney island in the summer.

Rev. Mr. Leslie, of Winnipeg, filled the pulpit of St. Alban's church Sunday last in the absence of Mr. Page.

Miss Lamond has received the appointment as organist of the Presbyterian church.

Fergy Wright, Don Robinson, and A. B. McLelland, of the Rat Portage Lumber Co's office staff, were up to Fort Frances on a trip this week.

Mr. Codd, of Winnipeg, has been appointed accountant of the Bank of Ottawa here. Mr. Codd is one of Winnipeg's star hockey players and ought to be an acquisition to sporting circles here.

John Beaudro, Silas Griffis, P. Griffis, Wm. Schwartz and Dr. Edmison left on a wild goose hunt to Moosejaw Thursday morning.

Mr. [illegible] Dent has moved his livery to the [illegible] of Mr. R. T. Graham [illegible] corner of Chipman and East [illegible] where he will [illegible] to do a [illegible] of the [illegible] business.

portance of the work may be realized when it is known that there are over 3,000 lumbermen in the Province of Ontario alone.

Manager Hallett of the Hillard Opera House has secured a first-class attraction for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evening of next week. The Australian Comedy company comes highly recommended and will present attractive plays. They are playing at Winnipeg this week.

If the highway man joke keeps up, ladies will begin to think it dangerous to go on the street after dark.

The Rogers Clothing Co. have opened up in the old Bank of Ottawa stand with a full line of clothing, gents' furnishings, etc.

Messrs. Geo. Hodder and Geo. Howrigan, of Port Arthur, were in town Saturday last.

Jas. Paul and wife, of Fort Frances, were in town Saturday last.

Geo. Schnarr, of Berlin, Ont., a brother of the Dr.'s, was in town this week.

Mrs. M. Mask has returned from a visit to Toronto.

Geo. Drewry returned from the west yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kelly, of Keewatin, was in town yesterday.

L. S. Christie and wife, of Fort Frances, were in town this week. They left for home by the Keenora Wednesday.

Dr. Millar, of Fort Francis, who has been spending a couple of weeks in Rat Portage, left for Fort Francis last Saturday.

Mr. Chas. Auld and Will Walker, of Toronto, were registered at the Hilliard house Thursday.

M Kyle president of the Gold Panner and Jno. Chaloner, secretary, returned this week from a business trip to the twin cities.

S. V. Halstead has returned from a prolonged trip to St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee where he has been in connection with mining matters.

M. Kyle, Marine Fishery overseer of this district, left by Keenora for Fort Francis and intermediate points to inspect the buoys and piers along the route.

A Bundle of Nerves.

Nerve force is the very life of man and every organ of the human body is dependent upon it. Just as soon as the blood gets thin and watery and fails to supply nourishment to the nerves there comes a train of nervous disorders, nervous prostration, paralysis, epilepsy, insanity and death. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food rebuilds and revitalizes the nerve cells wasted by disease, overwork and worry. It is beyond doubt the world's greatest restorative. Recommended by your family physician. All druggists recommend it and sell it.

...s, Wm. Schwartz and Dr. Robinson left on a wild goose hunt to Moosejaw Thursday morning.

Mr. Jno. Dent has moved his livery to the stable of Mr. R. T. Graham blacksmith, corner of Chipman and East Fort street where he will cater to the wants of the public.

The Bellevieu, a new hotel at Coal Rock, was opened to the public last week. A license has been applied for.

Mr. Hanson of grocery department G. H. Smith & Co. was to morrow night on a shooting trip up the river and will be gone about a week.

A. A. Chesterton has been appointed local agent of the Ottawa Powder Co.

Robt. A. Emmons, son of Edwin Emmons of this town, is a candidate for the state legislature of Montana at the approaching elections there. He is running on the fusion ticket of the Democrats and Populists.

The W.C.T.U. held a very successful parlor social Thursday evening last at the residence of Mrs. McRitchie. There was a good attendance and a very interesting programme was carried out. A very imporant branch of the W. C. T. U. work is the mission among lumbermen. Miss Sproule has charge of this department. The im-